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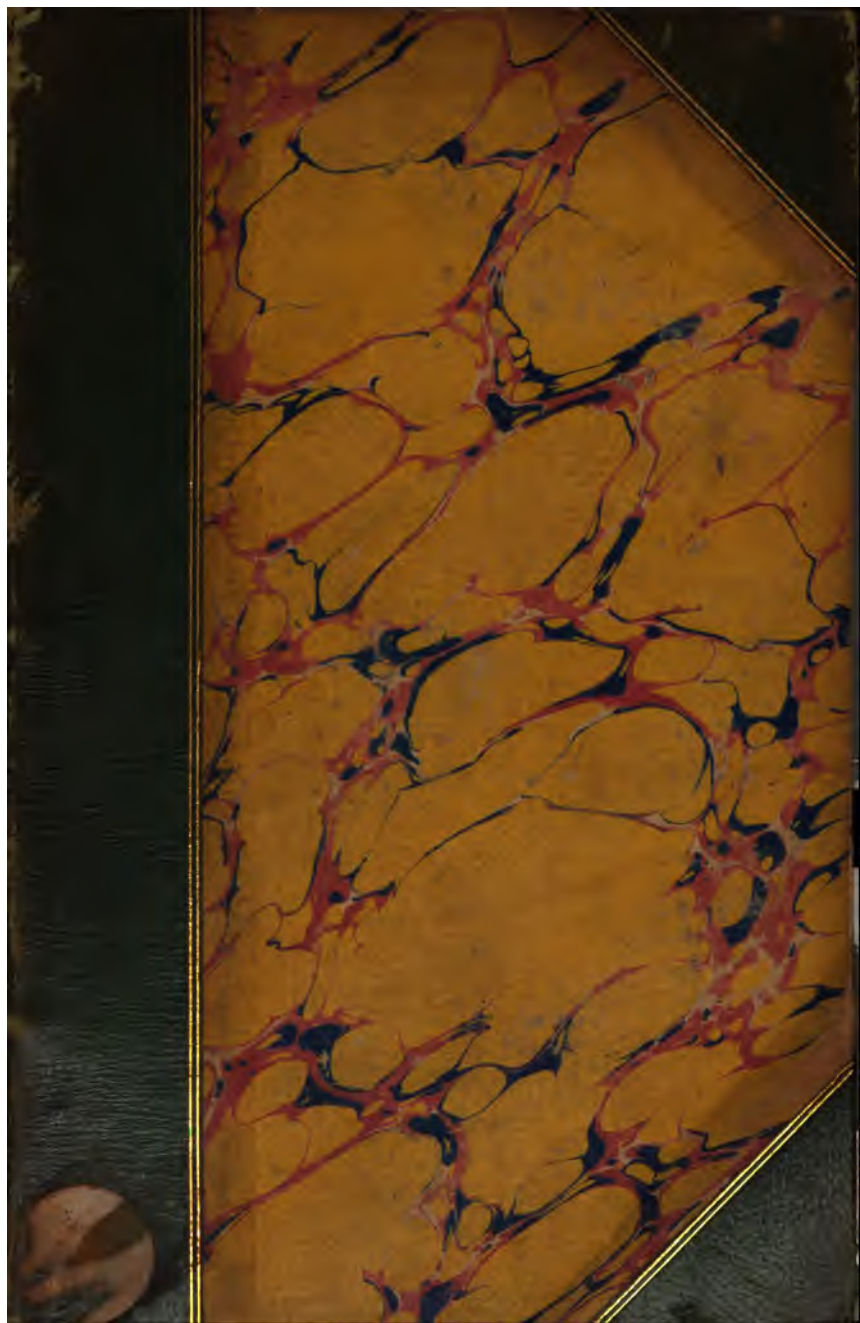
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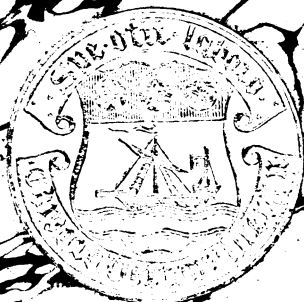
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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed.

2. The second step is to gather information and data related to the problem.

3. The third step is to analyze the information and data to identify the root cause of the problem.

4. The fourth step is to develop a plan of action to address the problem.

5. The fifth step is to implement the plan of action and monitor the results.

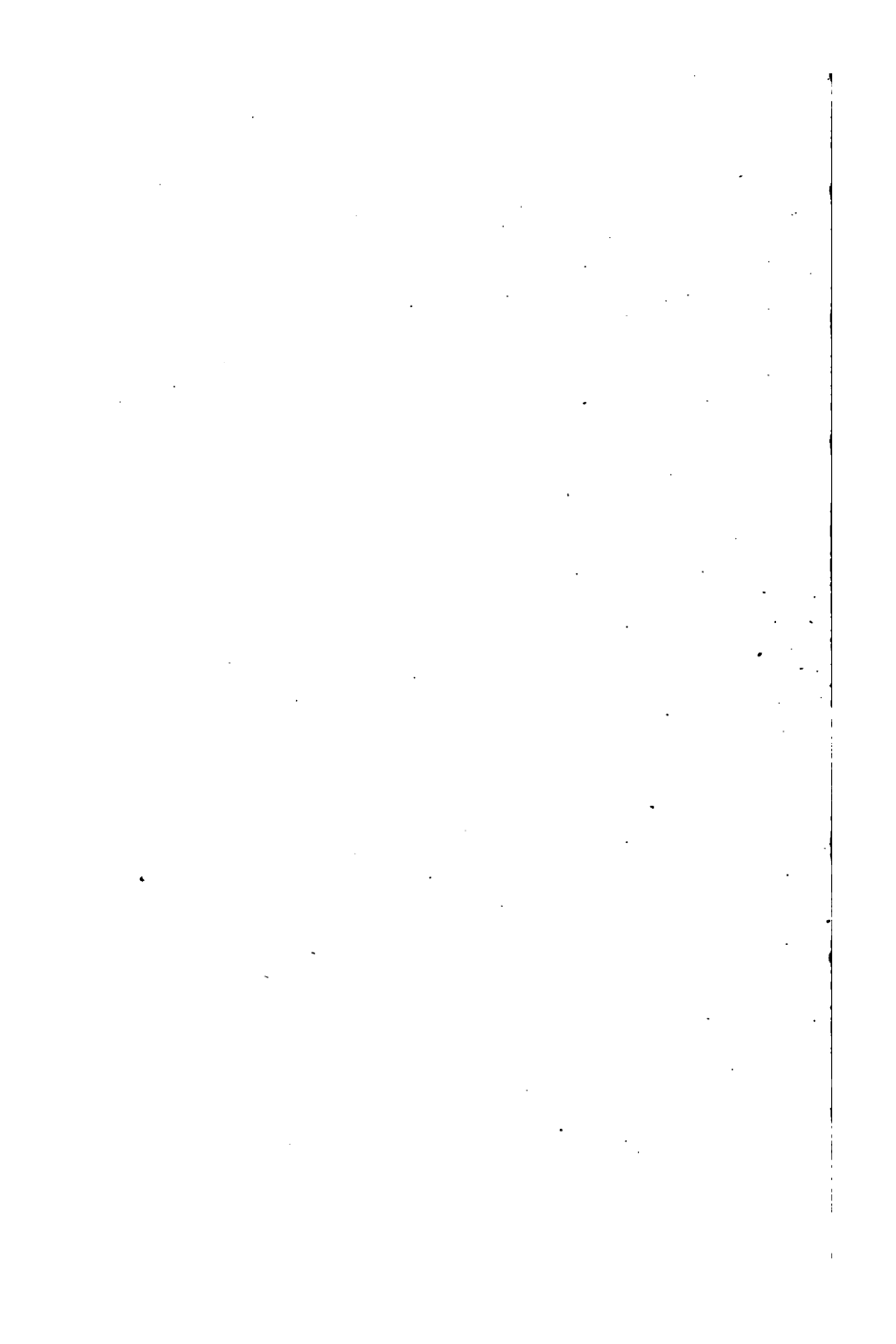
6. The sixth step is to evaluate the results and make adjustments as needed.

7. The seventh step is to document the process and results for future reference.

8. The eighth step is to communicate the results to the relevant stakeholders.

9. The ninth step is to review the process and make improvements as needed.

10. The tenth step is to ensure that the problem is resolved and the process is completed.



THE
ISLE OF WIGHT
Garland.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. *The Outlandish Lady's Love to an English Sailor.*

PART II. *The Lady's Love discovered by her Waiting-Maid to her Father.*

PART III. *The Wandering Lady's Return ; or the Stony Heart Softened.*



RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.
1839.

TWENTY-FIVE COPIES PRINTED, BUT NOT
FOR SALE.



Although the following Ballad may not please a refined ear, yet its simple rhymes have doubtless ere now gratified many a humble reader, with some of whom it would, at all events, be popular, from its local association. Its scarcity is such, that I have never seen or heard of any other copy than that from which this limited reprint is made, and which was bound up in a small volume, with many other similar trifles, collected by the late Richard Heber, Esq., at the sale of whose books it was purchased. There is no indication of the period or the place at which it was printed.

ISLE OF WIGHT GARLAND.

PART I.

FROM the Isle of Wight
I have brought to light,
A young damsel born of noble blood,
Drest in man's attire ;
And she did inquire,
After her true Love, as it's understood.

Now this gallant dame
From fair France she came,
And has now taken upon her for to rove :
For I heard her say,
(Crying night and day)
Oh! my Father sent away my Love.

He was too severe
To my dearest Dear
Because he belonged unto the main :
I have travelled round
To all sea-port towns,
Thinking for to meet my Love again.

When I first beheld
My dear English Will,
I was wounded to the heart, I swear :
Although he was bound,
Guarded through the town,
Taken prisoner by our privateer.

When he passed by,
On him I cast an eye,
With a trembling heart I could not stand ;
Then these words I said,
Unto my waiting maid,
Oh ! how could I love that Englishman !

I could find no rest,
Till I my mind exprest,
So I went into my chamber straight ;
With a trembling quill,
There I wrote my fill,
And to him my sorrow did relate.

The daughter of a knight
Did these lines indite ;
Sir, you are a stranger unto me ;
Though your person's mean,
Yet shall it be seen,
Here in private to your dearest Dear.

When he her lines had read,
Then these words he said ;
Sure the Gods above are not severe ;
For blessed is the time,
That I was confined,
And was brought to town a prisoner here.

I this answer send,
To those lines you've penned,
Virtuous lady, born of high degree ;
Why should you adore,
A young seaman poor ?
Sure that can never, never be.

You are an heiress great,
To a vast estate ;
I a man born of mean degree :
Dear lady, draw your love :
By the powers above,
If your father knew it, he would hang me.

When she these lines did read,
Then these words she said :
Oh ! that Cupid ne'er had wounded me ;
For I do protest,
Here I cannot rest ;
Oh, ye Gods, why have you tortured me ?

To the prison she
Went immediately,
Where she at the same did knocking stand :
And these words did say,
Let me in I pray,
For to speak unto that Englishman.

Then the turnkey he
Took this fair lady
To a chamber, where they should meet;
And the prisoner he
Came immediately,
Falling down before the lady's feet.

The lady with her charms,
Catch'd him in her arms ;
Saying, oh ! my dear, my turtle dove !
Hero of the sea,
Pray now pity me,
That am so wounded by the God of Love.

Since you declare your mind,
I'll not be unkind,
By the power above, I speak it here ;
May I ne'er thrive,
Or prosper here alive,
If that I prove false unto my Dear.

So these two lovers part,
With a constant heart,
Shedding tears now with their faith and troth ;
And the turnkey he,
Wept most bitterly
For to see the love between them both.



PART II.

THE second part I write
Of this lady bright,
For the truth I mean to unfold:
Though its full of horror,
Trouble, grief, and sorrow,
Sure the like was never told.

When the lady, she,
Thought she had been free,
Then began her sorrow, grief, and woe;
Her father came to hear,
That she loved dear,
A young English sailor mean and low.

Then her father said,
To her waiting-maid,
Go and call my daughter to me here ;
For I do declare,
And solemnly do swear,
Soon I'll part her and her dear, ne'er fear.

When this gallant dame,
To her father came,
Are you come, dear madam ? then said he ;
By my faith and troth,
I will part you both ;
You shall ne'er degrade your family.

We have peers in France
Can your fame advance,
Come a courting to you day and night.
Father, it is not riches,
But the tarry breeches,
I intend to make my heart's delight.

When she these words had spoke,
He was soon provoked,
And in a passion then his rapier drew ;
But her mother she
Came immediately,
Or he had certainly run her through.

To her chamber she
Went immediately,
Like a prisoner there for to remain :
And the seaman he
Was at liberty,
And he was sent to England again.

Then her father he,
In his cruelty,
Went and begged a hanged man we hear,
Then cut off his head,
And these words he said,
Here, pray madam, take your English dear.

When the lady she
Saw the dead body,
With her wringing hands she tore her hair ;
With ten thousand tears,
Wash'd his body clear,
Oh! would I had died for thee my dear !

For as I am told,
She kiss'd his body cold,
It would have grieved a stony heart to see ;
Then her waiting-maid,
That had her betray'd,
Cry'd out, Pardon, pardon, dear Lady !

For I do declare,
And solemnly do swear,
This body is none of thy dear love ;
For your father he,
Sent him beyond the sea,
Where, I know not, by the powers above.

Is it true, said she,
That you say to me ?
Yes, madam, as true as I am here.
Then that very night,
This fair lady bright,
Got out of her chamber window clear.

Then away she went
Being discontent ;
Ever since she has been upon the search :
Drest in man's attire,
Then she did inquire,
For her only love, and her dear heart.

Then the lady she,
Crossing over the sea,
Where she here unto fair England came ;
And had travell'd round.
Most part of English ground,
Ever since she from her father came.

She like a man was drest,
And I do protest,
As she travell'd round the same :
And she walked round
About Newport town,
Where she chanced to meet her heart's delight ;

Saying, my dearest Dear,
I'm glad to meet you here ;
I am the daughter of a knight.
What ! my love, said he,
The young French lady !
Yes, quoth she, my joy and heart's delight.

Now I will relate,
They were married straight,
And so here I do conclude my song :
And let lovers all
Now, both great and small,
Praise their constancy with heart and tongue.



PART III.

My dearest Dear, said she,
Now we married be,
Unto fair France again we both will go ;
With all my heart, he cry'd,
My joy and loving bride,
To what you crave I will not answer, No.

Then they cross'd the main,
To fair France again ;
And when they arrived on the shore,
Drest in man's array,
Then she went her way,
With her Love unto her Father's door.

Then the lady bright
Knock'd with all her might,
Until her Father came to the door to see
Who knocked there ;
Then this lady fair,
In this manner spake, and to him did say :

Sir, I'm one who
Am now come to know
What is become of your daughter dear ?
Young man, her Father said,
She is dead, I'm afraid,
For I have not seen her these two year.

Sir, your daughter bright
In the Isle of Wight,
Not two weeks ago I did her see ;
And I do declare,
She was married there
Unto the young man you sent to sea.

And in tears one day,
I heard your daughter say,
If my father comes and finds us here,
There is no other hope,
But that with a rope,
He will have us both hang'd I fear.

If these words be true,
Which proceed from you,
Heaven did decree it, I declare ;
And for joy they live,
Five guineas I will give,
To enjoy them both I now declare.

Then this Lady she,
And her husband he,
Pitch'd upon their bended knees straightway ;
She cried to him, Father,
I am then your daughter,
Give to me your blessing now, I pray.

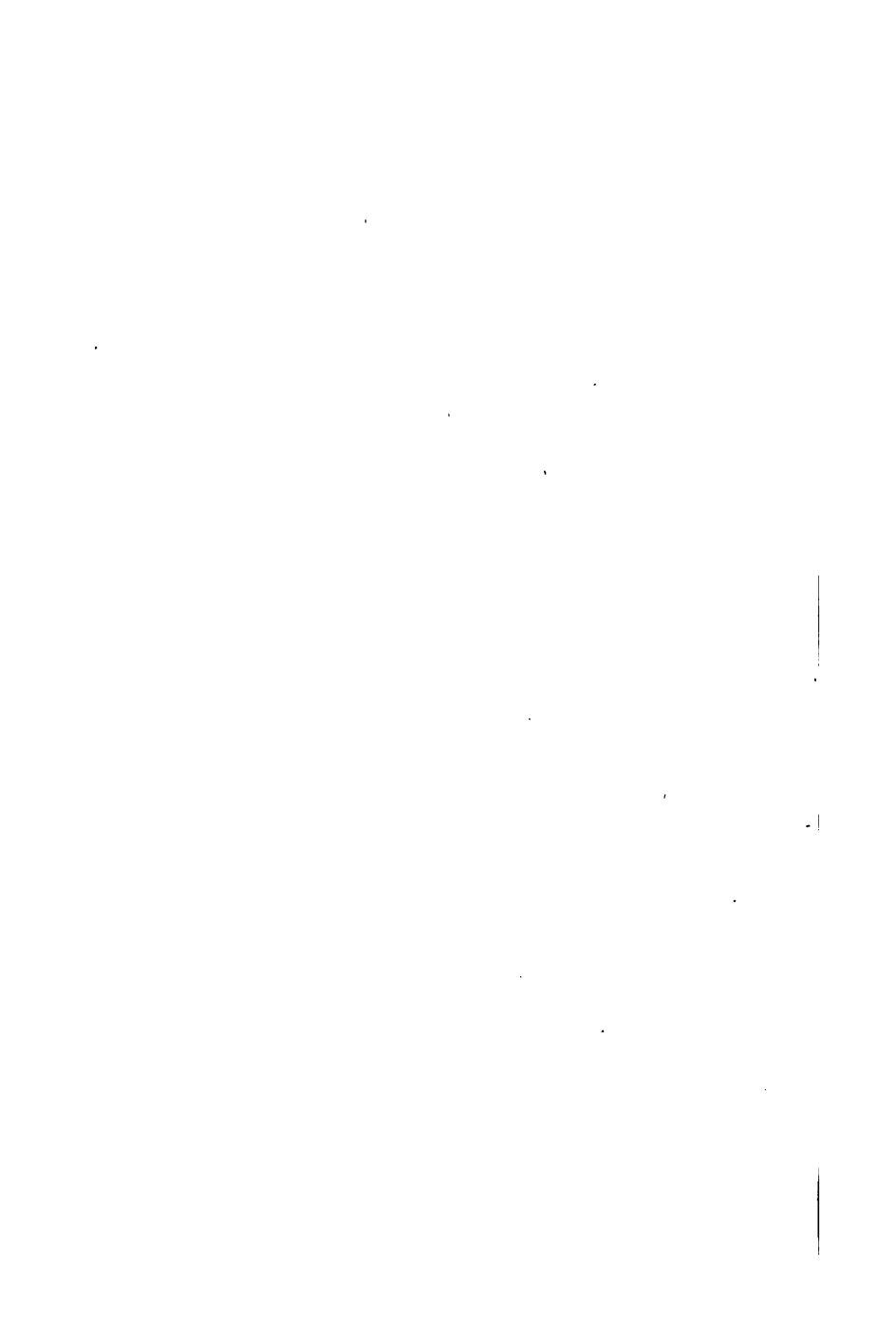
With that her Father gazed,
Like a man amazed,
On her then to hear such words as these ;
And as he did her view,
Then from his eyes there flew,
Great drops of tears as big as any peas.

Her father then did stand,
And took her by the hand,
And embrac'd her, and thus did cry ;
Since you my blessing crave,
You shall then it have,
I will own you both until I die.

Then with free consent,
In at doors they went,
And for joy his daughter she was come,
To drown all sorrows quite,
There both day and night,
They rejoiced then with pipe and drum.

Now to conclude, I may
Venture for to say
These words, I think, and not mistaken be :
There are but few do prove
So constant now in love,
As the young sailor, and his French Lady.

Finis.



Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 1st 1888.
Dear Mr. [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

Yours truly,
[unclear]

[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

